

As I listened I heard him say, "Wouldst thou learn the simple story of the old tin lantern, battered, rusty, and worn? I am the Spirit of past years and will tell it to you.

The tin plate from which this lantern was made was manufactured in one of the beautiful valleys of Wales; from there it was sent across the wide and ever restless Atlantic by sailing vessel to Boston; then it was carted by ox team to one of those narrow but enchanting valleys of Connecticut where, in a quiet village was the shop of the tin smith; here it was made into its present form, but bright and shining, not as you see it now, old, battered, rusty, and worn.

One day there came to the shop of the tin smith, a young man dressed in homespun clothes from head to foot. In those days the ones who wore the best clothes were the ones who were the most skillfull and industrious, as what people had in those days they made themselves.

The young man was tall and strong, and was accompanied by his bride, who was also dressed in cloth made by her own fair hands. They were starting out to make a home with their own hands, and labor, in the far off wilderness. They started from their home in that pleasant valley with a few kettles and pans and a meager supply of household articles besides the beds and bedding made by the brides own hands, and the now old tin lantern. They had one horse which the bride rode, and two cows and six sheep.

While the man drove the oxen and a boy the sheep and cows, with what help the wife could give, they turned their faces toward the setting sun, and with strong hearts and bright faces and an undaunted faith that the God of the universe would help those who try to help themselves, they pressed on. Over the hills toward the west they came, crossing the Hudson, then up and down the hills that intervene between the valley of the Hudson and the Delaware until at last they reached the outer border of civilization. Crossing the waters of the Delaware they were soon lost in the woods or forests of Pennsylvania, or as they were then called, the "Beech Woods." Making their way on